

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

*Children of men! the unseen power
whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.*

*Which has not taught weak wills how
much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart
like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-
wary men,
Thou must be born again?*

*Children of men! not that your age
excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear
fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.*

—Matthew Arnold.

**
THAT they may all be in one place, it has been decided to hold the congresses of all the denominations at the "Art Palace," rather than resort to better halls at a distance from the headquarters of the Parliament of

Religions. Attention is called to the changes in the Unitarian and Free Religious programs.

LAST week was Catholic week at the Auxiliary Congress, and it was a notable one. Eminent prelates and enthusiastic laymen and laywomen filled the corridors of the Art Palace on the Lake Front, and the utterances were, with scarcely an exception, progressive, hopeful, and often times radical. The Congress concerned itself in the main with the pressing questions of the day,—labor, social and political reform.

**

"INDUSTRIAL AMERICA" is the title of a series of articles being written for *The Outlook* by one of its editorial staff, who is traveling through the country in order to get first-hand impressions. Up to date the most valuable is that in the issue of September 9, wherein the writer discusses the situation in Kansas, the stronghold of the "People's Party." From the picture drawn it would seem that the People's party is really bringing about a better condition of affairs in that agricultural commonwealth.

**

THE long-awaited book—"Beginnings," just published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society,—is now on hand, and for sale at Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street. This book has been carefully edited by the president of the society, Allen W. Gould, from notes originally made by Henry Doty Maxson. To all who have become interested in the Six Years' Course this book will especially appeal. To those who have never used the Course it will prove a delightful introduction, and we believe it will prove an incentive to the use of the Course. The book is sold for 25 cents a copy, a dozen for \$2.50.

**

FOUR HUNDRED years ago the life of Europe was much more agitated over the banishment of the Jews from Spain and their extermination in other parts of the world than

over the discoveries of Columbus. Last week Dr. Hirsch, a Jewish rabbi, was welcomed with cheers onto the platform of the Catholic Congress. Archbishop Ireland was welcomed with equal heartiness by the Jewish women in Congress assembled. And at the great Welsh Eisteddfod the Mormon chorus choir from Salt Lake City carried off the second highest prize of the musical conclave with their chorus sinzing of two hundred and fifty voices. Surely these are prophetic times in which we live.

**

WE publish this week, in our Study Table department, the prospectus of a new quarterly designed for young people, which always means also the people who feel young. Mr. Morse is well known to our readers: a man versatile in many arts; skilled with pen, pencil, brush, and the sculptor's tools. He has put the lover of good things and high things under obligation to him in many ways, and for many years. If there is justification for his assuming the difficult and generally thankless task of launching a new magazine, it is justified in the present purpose of interesting young people in the permanent things of art and literature. It is a difficult problem to carry the High School boys and girls out of childhood into manhood and womanhood in the things of the spirit. This *The Start* undertakes to do. This, as many of our Unity clubs and churches throughout the West know, Mr. Morse can do in a very delightful fashion. And it would be a good way to start *The Start* in many of our parishes and Sunday schools, to send for Mr. Morse to give one or more of his always delightful crayon lectures.

**

DR. HENSON, of Chicago, has been treating the public, through the Baptist paper, to "some of his Theological Crotchetts," one of which is a very ingenious way of getting infants into heaven without interfering with the doctrines of original sin on the

one hand, or the dangers of the heresy of probation after death on the other hand. He admits that "the question is not free from difficulty," and also that the Scriptures do not address themselves to its solution. However, the Doctor plucks up courage and makes a venture. It is well to save to the loving heart of mother and father the darling little one by any means; but does it not seem like going a good way around in order to carry the little ones of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," into the bosom of the infinite love and life? But this is the way a doctor of divinity of the nineteenth century manages to get a child into heaven:

May we not suspect, without being ourselves suspected of harboring the heresy of probation in a future state, that such an infant, awaking to consciousness in the presence of Christ, should be changed in the very first moment of seeing his face? Infants, atoned for by his blood, wake to behold his face in righteousness, and instantly are like him.

**

LAST Sunday, September 10, was the real opening of the Parliament of Religions. At least, it was a day to be long remembered by the attendants at one of the Chicago churches. In the morning, the eloquent Hindu, Protab Mozoomdar, the present leader of the simple Indian theism known as the Brahmo Somaj, delivered a most stirring address on Revelation to a congregation which filled All Souls Church to overflowing. Beginning very quietly, almost monotonously, he attained a pitch of eloquence which compelled the expression of the congregation's applause despite all scruples against such demonstrations in church. It was a flash of sunlight which went straight to the hearts of the audience, causing them to break out in sudden, heart-felt, reverent applause. In the evening the same church was filled to overflowing to witness the presentation of Buddhism by its distinguished Ceylonese representative, the white-robed Dharmapala, and its yellow-robed priests from Japan, and to hear the sweet singing of the ladies' choir from Cardiff, Wales. For two hours men and women gladly stood in the crowded church to listen to these foreign worshipers of the one great God, as they brought to the West their message of peace, and to hear the songs of praise and patriotism from our sisters across the sea.

WITH the consent and co-operation of the author a handsome special "Parliament of Religions Edition of the Sympathy of Religions," by T. W. Higginson, has been published in paper covers and with a preliminary note. The Unity Mission puts forth ten thousand copies, which they desire to give away to the representatives from distant lands, and from as distant creeds and faiths, as a souvenir. No more beautiful memento of this great occasion could be carried home. For many years this essay has been a classic in the literature of the spirit, and now we know of nothing in print better calculated to enlarge the boundaries of human sympathy and to disintegrate the mountains of bigotry than this pamphlet. The committee is very desirous to give the entire edition away, not to throw it away, but to place it in the hands of those who will most appreciate it and are prepared to profit by it. In order to do this a special fund of about \$175 will have to be raised, for the Unity Mission Committee always live from hand to mouth. Are there not many of our readers who would like to join in this communion service of thought, and help us distribute this morsel of bread that will nourish the spiritual life? Any contributions, big or small, may be sent either to Mr. Gannett, at Rochester, or to Mr. Jones at UNITY office.

**

THE spirit which vents itself in the oft-repeated command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," is by no means dead. There is something refreshingly naive in the confidence of those who feel that *they* have made exactly the degree of progress that mankind should make, and that while those who stand behind them must hasten forward, those who are in front must hurry back, if they would have the full blessings of truth and salvation. This feeling of profound self-satisfaction, which is convinced that a step outside, whether to the right or left, of the charmed circle in which he who thus feels stands, will be a step into outer darkness, has had several somewhat prominent illustrations lately; but perhaps the best is contained in President Atwood's editorial comment in the *Universalist* and the *Christian Leader* on Professor Campbell's heresy, from which it would appear that the type of Universalism represented by Dr. Atwood is at the same

time the perfect faith and the one genuine heresy. Says the Doctor:

If he is a heretic at all, he is not enough of a heretic to awaken sympathy for him among genuine heretics. As in the case of Dr. Briggs and Prof. Smith, the system Dr. Campbell adheres to is still ancient and musty to a degree that shuts him out of liberal fellowship.

We cannot believe that the good Doctor is quite devoid of sympathy for Prof. Campbell or that he would really be so cruel as to shut him out from liberal fellowship; certainly we are not disposed to act thus toward the Doctor, although much of the language which he applies to Prof. Campbell's doctrine seems to us admirably fitted to describe his own.

**

THE work of preparing the selection of universal hymns printed in connection with the programs of the Parliament of Religions finally fell into the hands of F. L. Hosmer, Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, Prof. Coppee of the Lehigh University, and Mr. Jones. In order to make the collection as rich and representative as possible several hundred letters were sent out asking for suggestions. Five or more favorite old hymns were asked for and contributions of original hymns solicited. The response to the first request was prompt and generous, and the answers were of great interest as showing the personal equation as well as the relative power of the classics of the soul. These suggestions were of great service to the committee. Some forty original contributions were made. These were copied by type-writer and sent anonymously to the members of the committee, and many of them approved themselves more or less strongly to different members of the committee. But inasmuch as none of the hymns succeeded in getting the majority vote of the committee, that is, three out of four, it was thought best to publish none of them in a collection whose merits have been proven by the test of time and approved by the consensus of the competent. The committee in this collection found much to commend in the way of religious poetry, but the creation of a great hymn is one of the most difficult as it is one of the most gracious tasks of the bard. In one way or another, in due time, the public will have access to the best of the material offered. Meanwhile, the committee desires to express through UNITY their thanks for the assistance furnished them by so many.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

It remained for the Welsh people to demonstrate for the first time the utility and necessity of making the great Festival Hall at Jackson Park, as large as it is. At last its splendid galleries were filled to overflowing. Last Friday was the last of a series of musical contests and bardic ova-tions which heretofore have been confined, in the main, to the principality of Wales; and on that day over 8,000 people were assembled within the walls. For four days this characteristic festival, which reaches back to time immemorial in the life of Britain, brought together not only the best intelligence of the Welsh people in this country, but very many representatives from the mother country. Three male choruses, numbering fifty or more voices, and the lady chorus of Cardiff crossed the sea to take part in this festival of harmony. And the Welshmen from over the seas carried off most of the prizes available to them. Prof. Tomlins, as chairman of the adjudicating board, in his decision upon the male chorus contest said: "All those who had the good fortune to be present must have felt that they were listening to a series of choral performances such as they would in all probability never hear again in the United States; that it was worthy of the occasion in connection with this stupendous World's Fair; and that it would be associated in our minds as one of the most striking features in the history of the great Eisteddfod. It was already felt that it would be so, as shown by the almost super-human efforts made by most of the competing choirs to travel many thousands of miles in order to be present." The occasion closed with a most inspiring scene, when upward of fifteen hundred voices, trained and aglow with enthusiasm, joined in mass chorus in singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" under the leadership of the great Caradog, the hero of Welsh song, who some years ago led his chorus of Welsh yeomen to London and carried off the coveted silver cup presented by the Queen.

But this occasion was very much more than a musical festival. With much pomp and parade the ancient bardic rites, which it is claimed reached back into Druidic times and customs, were for the first time performed in the open air on American

soil, and the old proclamation "THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD," was declared "in the eye of light and in the face of the sun." And over the sheathed sword the message of PEACE was proclaimed. To most of our readers these rites and this conclave of bards and musicians mean nothing more than the curious enthusiasm of an unimportant clan among the nations of the earth. That it is, but it is much more than that. It is a splendid witness to the power of the gentler arts; another sign of the advancing spirit of peace. The great harmonies of last week lifted the occasion out of any geographical, national, or linguistic limitations. It was a part of that universality for which we labor, that unity of spirit we pray for. The bardic prayer read on this occasion has been handed down to us from the ancient Druids as they assembled under the oaks of Britain. It was as vital and applicable in modern Chicago as in ancient Mona. It runs thus in the literal English translation published in the program of the Eisteddfod, which prog'ram is an interesting souvenir that will have permanent value to the student of song and of races.

Render us, O God, Thy protection, and in that protection power; in that power wisdom: in that wisdom knowledge; in that knowledge, know the just; in knowing the just, love: and in love, love every attribute, and by loving every attribute love God.

A MINOR POET.

What should we do without the minor singers? It is they that fill the wood with bird-song and make glad the dawns, and they who, in the commons of human life, make the "local sibyls and seers." Their name is legion—fortunately. Lucy Smith reminds us that *anyone* of culture should be supposed to have the gift of versing. If not quite that be true, yet a world with only the Tennysons and Brownings and Lowells for poets in it would be a dreary world for most; so in between the many or the all of us that have more or less poetic feeling and these rare poets, come the host of minor singers, each one voicing the mute poetry of some neighborhood or circle. It is well they do not all print their verses in a book at last: yet well that many do, for repeatedly the minor poets have sung a few songs that put many hearts in debt.

Mrs. Caroline Mason was one of these minor poets, some of whose

verses are likely to be remembered with long thankfulness. She was a shy citizen of Fitchburg, Mass. She had had her early dreams of fame, if certain of her poems betray her; but the dream, if dream it were, gave way to better self-knowledge and more earnest purpose. Still, however, she nursed her gift of versing. Her poems came easily, but carefully: now a song of friendship, now of nature, now of the nation in its war struggle; oftenest, perhaps, as songs of the inward life. Once or twice, at least, she touched the people far and wide, as in her simple "Do they Miss me at Home?" The liberal faith, the mood of Whittier, was sunny in her. Her best work was not in her longer poems,—such, for instance, as gave the name, "The Lost Ring," to the collection which her friends have issued since her death.* Even in her short poems there is little that is quaint or dainty in expression, and little of the lift and expansion of thought, of splendor breaking out, of far horizons glimpsed in a word or a line, which mark the power of the strong poet. Yet are not the poems quoted below something to be thankful for, if we could write them, and something to thank her for that we may read them? Take, first, this nook in a summer picture:

"How full the quiet spot of sweet perfumes,
Aromas of fresh grass and clover blooms!
How like a Sabbath stillness, or like prayer.
The cloistered calm of this sequestered air!
The very cattle, knee-deep in the brooks,
Have lessons for us in their patient looks;
The silent hills, slow-stretching far away,
The shady hollow with the lambs at play,
In their cool bosoms, the rejoicing rills,
The sobbing of the lonely whip-poor-wills."

She ventured, what other poets have tried with less success, to string the twelve months in a rosary of sonnets. Here are those for August and November:

AUGUST.

We read of high-born dames, sick of life's
glare.
Who in dim cloisters fain would end their
days.
Exchanging pomp for pious prayer and
praise:
Summer, is such thy *role*, that thou dost wear
This nun-like torpor in thine altered air?
We miss the sweet June freshness, and the
ways
Of happy, hot July: this August haze
Is like a veil shrouding thy features fair;
This drowsy stillness is a convent-calm,
Oppressing us like sadness. Oh, sweet nun,
Is it for penance? What deed hast thou done,
That happy mirth should change to sob and
psalm.

*THE LOST RING, and Other Poems. By Caroline A. Mason. With an introduction by Charles G. Ames. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. 1891.

And telling of thy beads against the pane
In the low patter of this August rain?

NOVEMBER.

Like a late watcher, tired and sleep-inclined,
Yet patient at her post and smiling still,
The year keeps vigil. Look you where you
will,
In all her wide domain you shall not find
Her hand has lost its cunning: still the wind
Plays its soft descants; still each rippling
rill
Goes singing seaward; while on every hill
The sun pours benediction bland and kind
As blest the summer; still the crickets hide
In the warm grass,—and ever and anon,
A bee reels by, store-laden from the lawn
Where bloom late flowers, alert and open-
eyed:
"How fair," they sigh with me, "and oh, how
dear,
This lingering sweetness of the dying year!"

How this next one—it comes from
out some home—reaches to the in-
most home in all of us!

ONLY ME.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?" the words came tenderly:
A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."
The quivering baby lips! they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother-heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing!
One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwanted kisses rained
above:
And, from that moment, "Only Me" had place
And part with "Pet" in tender mother-love.

The following has appeared before
in UNITY, perhaps, but it is worth re-
print:

EN VOYAGE.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so:
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were f' voring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

It may make some reader's soul
"unfurl its white flag of peace" to
print what she calls

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may
meet.—

The dead face and the living,—fain would
cry,
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die!"
And now for parts of two hymns.
The first has long been loved in
"Unity-Hymns and Chorals."

MATIN HYMN.

I lift the sash and gaze abroad
On the sweet earth so fair and bright;
I raise my heart to Thee, O God,
And cry, "I thank Thee for the light!"
O God, I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give:
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank Thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to Thee,
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
And thank Thee for another morn:

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare:
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

EVENTIDE.

At cool of day, with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade;
I hear his voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.

I see His presence in the night,—
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.

His hand, that shuts the flowers to sleep
Each in its dewy fold,
Is strong my feeble life to keep,
And competent to hold.

I can not walk in darkness long.—
My light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong,
While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defense,—
How shall I fail or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence!
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to His care:
I cannot wander from His love
Who loves me everywhere.
What should we do without our
"minor singers"? W. C. G.

THE FRIENDS OF LABOR.

Perhaps the most encouraging
feature of the life of our day is the
respectful attention given to those
who propose to ameliorate our social
conditions, whether the plans be
merely opportunist and palliative or
radical and far-reaching. Young
men can remember the time when
"Socialism," "Single Tax," "Salva-
tion Army" work, even the milder
forms of "co-operative industry," were
impatiently and contemptuously
scouted by the great world. But to-
day a marked advance has been
made in this respect.

The reception given to the Labor
Congress, which has recently adjourned,

ed, has done something to mark this
change of sentiment. The old notion,
that things are just about as they
should be, or that if they are not
God himself will alter the condition
of affairs in his own good time and
wants no assistance from man,—the
notion that he who seeks to alter the
social order into which he is born is
at once impious and the enemy of
society,—has given place to a general
acknowledgment that things are *not*
as they should be and that man him-
self is the agent by whose instru-
mentality a juster and happier con-
dition is to be brought about.

In the church, which is in its
nature a conservative institution,—
preserving the moral achievements
that men have made, rather than dis-
covering new roads for human pro-
gress,—this condition of affairs is
strongly reflected. Of course many
churches—most perhaps—still deserve
the reproach of being clubs for the ac-
commodation of those engaged in the
salvation of their individual souls;
but the vital churches, the earnest
ministers,—Roman Catholic, Episco-
pal, Evangelical and Liberal,—are
showing their sympathy with the
questions of the day.

At the Labor congress, the Single
Tax congress, and the Voluntary Co-
operation congress which were held
simultaneously, there were a number
of ministers and editors in attend-
ance, men whose position enables
them to bring home to the great mid-
dle class the crying problems of the
hour and the solutions proposed, and
some of these have lost no time in
bringing the matter before their
hearers and readers. Besides the
quite generous newspaper notices and
reports of the congress addresses, we
would call attention to the fact that
in Chicago on the eve of Labor Day
two Episcopal churches, St. James
and Epiphany, held special labor ser-
vices. "Cail," i. e., the Church Asso-
ciation for the Advancement of the
Interests of Labor, was the sponsor
for these meetings, and they were
helpful, educative. At St. James
Mr. Tomkins urged his hearers to in-
terest themselves in the problems of
the day, and at least to treat res-
pectfully those who were spending
their lives in the earnest effort to
grapple with the social evils that be-
set us, whether the solutions they
proposed seemed to us wholly wise or
not. He admitted that the church
had been neglectful of its opportuni-

ties and duties in the past, but protested that it had begun to realize that moral and social questions were religious questions, and he sought to bring this truth home to his hearers. The collection taken up was for the benefit of the unemployed.

It may be suggested that such indications of sympathy with reform are of so general a character as to count for little; but that is not so. This general open-mindedness is of the utmost importance, it is the *sine qua non* without which the most clearly defined schemes of reform are impossible of achievement. For this reason primarily, and also because space forbids us to go into detail, we have dwelt especially upon the general sentiment exhibited; but it must not be supposed that the congresses have nothing else to show. On the contrary, the Labor Congress was a very rich one; it was both practical and scientific. It discussed the various conditions of child and female and adult male labor, as they exist to-day in city and country, here and abroad; pointed out the evils both patent and latent in the existing industrial system, as they appeared from various points of view,—that of the wage-earner, the employer and the various schools of social science, orthodox, nationalist, collectivist, single tax, etc.; discussed the questions of public administration, taxation, legislation, ballot reform, etc., and listened to expositions of the various solutions proposed for the several problems before it, from the tongues and pens of the most able representatives of these views. It was really a congress of social science, and no one could attend any considerable number of the meetings, however narrow his views had previously been, without feeling their broadening influence and at the same time learning much of a definite and positive character. We regard the Labor Congress as one of the marked successes of the Columbian Exposition, and we believe it will bear rich fruit.

F. W. S.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New- Church Messenger* speaks of the Unitarian exhibit at the Columbian Exposition as follows: "The Unitarians happen to come next, in a snow-white booth, with much literature and many small photographs of great men. Mrs. Humphrey Ward appears as a minister. The tracts are not self-congratulatory or openly aggressive as in other booths, but thoughtful essays of a decidedly critical and cautious tone. This exhibit is in charge of a lady, and is unique in this respect."

Contributed and Selected

REVELATION.

A gleam of Truth, a flood of light!
And lo, the earth is glorified!
No longer dwell our souls in night,
For Love and Life are now allied.
I look into those speaking eyes,
Where faithful love finds eloquence,
And then into the starry skies,
With heart upraised in reverence,—
And see the self-same power there
That guides a soul or rules a star.
O blessed thought! O visions fair,
Of heaven, revealed, so near and
far! KATE KELSEY.

ATHEISM.

In accordance with a natural tendency to violent transitions I make it a rule when traveling abroad, whenever it is practicable to do so, to experience the great opposite extremes. I make religious worship no exception, and therefore attend the Roman Catholic church and the services of the Salvation Army and all the other denominations *en route* for the same purpose. It might be interesting and instructive to give the impressions created by the various illustrations of the Christian faith thus encountered, but it is not my purpose to start a polemical discussion, but simply to refer to one feature which I find is prominently discussed in all the churches I visit,—that is, the admission of the growing tendency to atheism. Not long since I listened to a very stirring sermon on the subject by the venerable Archbishop Ireland, and have heard similar utterances in various other denominations. Inasmuch, however, as it may be fairly assumed that atheism is seldom represented in a Christian congregation, it appears to me that any attempt to reach the atheist from the pulpit must necessarily prove futile. Therefore I should be glad if you would allow me to address him through your columns, in the hope that my argument may be brought to his notice and prove operative in convincing him of the fallacy of his views.

It seems to me to be unreasonable and unnatural that anyone endowed with the power of reflection can conceive that this universe exists without a creator or goes on without a great conductor. Every intelligent being is aware of a perfect design in nature. I will therefore ask the atheist and those having a tendency to atheism to follow me in a few sketches. First, we will take a little living plant and study its growth and functions of promulgation. First, this little plant possesses the power of absorbing compound substances, of decomposing them and recomposing them in a different way; but no one can say where the decomposing leaves

off and the recomposing begins. This little plant is in itself a living laboratory greater by far than that of the most skillful chemist that ever lived.

Secondly: The root, trunk and leaves have separate functions, though working in unison; the root serves to fix the plant firmly in the soil; it is also the organ by which plant food is collected and absorbed; the root sends out fibers in every direction in search of liquid food, which is sucked in and dispatched, as sap, to the upper parts of the tree; the chemical changes which the food plant has to undergo in the tree are beyond man's power to explain.

Thirdly. The tree sends out its leaves for the same purpose that the root sends out its fibers—in search of food—the only difference being that the root absorbs liquid food, and the leaves gaseous food. During the day the leaves are continually absorbing carbonic acid from the air and giving off oxygen gas. When night comes on the process is reversed. Now the air contains only one gallon of carbonic acid in 2,000 (a proportion just necessary for animal life), and to catch this small amount the tree sends out thousands of leaves by whose conjoined labors the substance of the plant is slowly drawn from the air. Cannot the atheist recognize an omnipotent designer in chemistry so wonderful?

Now let us turn to the beautiful and abstruse science of geology for further proof of a great Creator's forethought. Scattered all over the world we find deposits of coal suitable for domestic and steam consumption. Let us think for a moment how could the world's power of the present day be developed if it were not for these deposits. Could our great commerce over land and sea be maintained without coal? Coal is what remains to us of the carboniferous age. And then let us think of the enormous undertaking the carboniferous age represents. Millions and millions of trees drawing plant life from earth and air, and storing unknown power for future use. The chemical changes which that age involved thousands and thousands of years ago are now the motive power of the world, and the bottled-up sunlight the illuminating power of gas. Could anything show more plainly that these deposits were designedly placed for future use; placed, too, in such positions that immense labor—a superabundance of which was anticipated—would be required to manipulate them for consumption, both in its original state as coal and as gas?

Now, apart from the carboniferous age, what has geology to teach us of the great Creator's will to produce a world fit for human beings and human beings fit for the world? In the silurian age lived millions and millions of beings that twisted and wriggled and knew not why, evidently unconscious of their own existence, each simply a mechanical feeding

machine, yet possessing a cold, nervous system clearly discernible. They lived and died, these myriads, and the age departed, but the evolutionist has marked it and the geologist claimed it. The next age, the Devonian, produced a higher grade—a step higher in the contriver's ladder—a better developed system of nerve and activity. Fishes of enormous proportions lived and died in millions, and that age passed away, leaving unmistakable evidence of its duration for geologists to study. The next age, the carboniferous, I have already spoken of, and I will pass to the next in the scale of development, the reptilian, in which remarkable and stupendous progress is made in creation. Next, for the mightiest age of all—the mammalian, or age of man, for who will deny that man is the most perfectly organized being on earth? Carefully developed as he is out of the ages of the past, he is the acme of terrestrial production, a well-organized being, having a nervous system and brain power of the highest development, increasing in intensity as the race grows older, a logical thinker and reasoner, possessing memory and forethought, capable of planning for the future by the recollections of the past. Such is man of the present day, and as his development of the present age is as ten to one of the reptilian age, what may be the pleasure of the great Creator, what proportion shall the next age bear to man of to-day?

As we are gods to the reptiles, so may the next age be indeed gods to us.

The atheist, in common with others, looking at a very cleverly constructed machine, would be likely to put the question, "Who made it?" well knowing its component parts of rods, bolts, nuts, and wheels could not adjust themselves, but must have been placed together. Now if we glance at the starry system, of which we are a part, or study it minutely by maps or by a telescope, we become fully aware that this earth is one of a number of performing ellipses and a central attraction, and that it has been so for many thousands of years, and is likely to continue for thousands more; but with the future we will not deal; the past is sufficient to prove that its functions have been performed diurnally and annually without one false beat in its mighty course, and so confident are we of the future that we date an action forward for years without the least misgiving as to its duration. As we study this mighty machine with its profound workings we are naturally led to ask, "Who made it?" and with reverent humility are inevitably obliged to answer, "A great Creator."

Now, all these functions have been performed with a regularity that admits of no reproach: each revolution of the earth round the sun bringing changes of season to its inhabitants, thereby causing untold blessings to

the agriculturist and to all people in general; the regularity of the moon's rotation proves a boon in the systematic rise and fall of the tides, preventing stagnancy of otherwise still waters and helping to change the whole outline of continents by its continual wash; the moving waters being thereby able to furnish subsistence to myriads of fishes which could not exist in stagnant waters. The precision with which all these functions are performed points necessarily to a great creator, who either developed them as necessity required or brought them into spontaneous existence. The study of astronomy, in fact, opens up the human mind to such an extent that we are bound to recognize the perfection of the universe, exactitude being everywhere apparent.

But we will not go further into the question now; it is enough to ponder over the everlasting method in which the water from the hill runs to the stream, the stream to the river, the river to the ocean, to be gathered up by continuous evaporation, the formation of clouds ensuing, and the ultimate discharge of rain drops as blessings on the earth. The systematic hand-in-hand process, the beautiful dove-tailed way in which all these performances are carried on so methodically and unerringly, are to me infallible proofs of a great creator and a great conductor under whose power they run. The attributes of all matter prove the universal law of similitude—the inertia—the attractive and the indestructibility, and open up channels for reflection which must result in the recognition of a great creator's power, whose chemistry is beyond us and in whose laboratory this earth is but a sample speck of dust.

I will now leave the atheist for the present to ponder over these facts, and will from time to time give him more matter to reflect on, in the meantime commanding to him the beautiful lines of the poet:

There is a God, and that ye may see
In the roar of the thunder, the hum of
the bee.

* * * * *

Turn where ye will, from the sky to the
sod,

Where can ye gaze that ye see not a
God?

E. MARSHALL GWINNE, C. E.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

From Prof. John R. Commons' article in the *Twentieth Century*, we quote a few words explanatory of the reform on which our Australian friend, Miss Spence, lays the greatest stress. During the meetings held in connection with the World's Fair Suffrage Congress, after one of this enthusiastic liberal's addresses, an experimental ballot was taken. Fourteen candidates were nominated and six were to be elected. Slips of paper were circulated among the audience

bearing the names of all the candidates. The voters were instructed to indicate the candidate who was their first choice by the figure 1, and to indicate their successive choices up to the sixth by the proper figures. One hundred and thirty-two ballots were cast and only four were defective. As a result of the election every shade of opinion in the audience was accurately represented in the list of the six successful candidates. There were two Republicans, Harrison and McKinley, two Democrats, Cleveland and Henry George (thus showing how successfully this method of voting allows differences within party lines, as well as between parties, to be freely and accurately represented), a Prohibitionist, Miss Frances E. Willard, and a Populist, James B. Weaver. The result of the vote had a most interesting effect on the apprehensions of the audience and the newspaper reporters.

An American Proportional Representation League was organized with Hon. William Dudley Foulke as President and Mr. Stoughton Cooley, of 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, as Secretary, and the following suggestion was put forth:

OUTLINE OF A BILL FOR ELECTING MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ACCORDING TO PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

That the members of the House of Representatives shall be voted for at large in their respective States. That a ticket composed of any number of candidates may be nominated by any body of electors in any State which polled at the last preceding election one per cent. of the total vote for Congressmen, or by a petition of voters amounting to one per cent. of such total vote. These tickets shall be printed on the official ballot.

Each elector has as many votes as there are representatives to be elected, which he may distribute as he pleases among the candidates, giving not more than one vote to any one candidate. Should he not use the entire number of votes to which he is entitled his unexpressed votes to be counted for the ticket which he shall designate by title. The votes given to candidates shall count individually for the candidates as well as for the tickets to which the candidates belong. That the sum of all the votes cast in any State shall be divided by the number of seats to which such State is entitled, and the quotient to the nearest unit shall be known as the quota of representation. The sums of all the votes cast for the tickets of each party or political body nominating candidates shall be severally divided by the quota of representation, and the units of the quotients thus obtained will show the number of representatives to which each such body was entitled, and if the sum of such quotients be less than the number of seats to be filled the body of electors having the largest remainder after division of the sums of the votes cast by the quota of representation as herein specified shall be entitled to the first vacancy, and so on until all the vacancies are filled. That the candidates of each body of electors nominating candidates and found entitled to representation under the foregoing rules shall receive

certificates of election in the order of the votes received, a candidate receiving the highest number of votes the first certificate, and so on; but in case of a tie, with but one vacancy to be filled, the matter shall be determined between the candidates so tied. That if a member of the House of Representatives shall die or resign, or his seat become vacant for any reason, the remainder of his term shall be served by the candidate having the next highest vote of the body of electors to which such member belongs.

Correspondence

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

EDITOR OF UNITY: In reply to your correspondent of last week who asks information regarding the author of the poem entitled "There Is No Death," I would say that a writer in the *Relgio-Philosophical Journal* two or three years ago stated that the author is Mr. J. L. McCreery, and not E. Bulwer Lytton, to whom it has been erroneously credited. The writer of the article gives the facts as follows: The poem was published by Mr. McCreery in 1863. It was copied by one E. Bulmer and published later under his name. This was again copied by a Wisconsin paper, which changed the signature from Bulmer to Bulwer, supposing the former name to be a misprint. I give the poem below as found in Mr. McCreery's volume of poems, "Songs of Toil and Triumph."

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air:
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer
showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to
earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth;

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned
so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms

That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.—

Although with bowed and breaking
heart,

With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead,"—

They are not dead! they have but
passed

Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of
clay

To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,—
They are not "lost," nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts
grow faint

Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of
balm,

Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

Readers will notice that the poem as given above is not only longer but different in some of its verses from copies which are frequently seen. But as this comes from the author's own volume I suppose it may be relied on. **J. T. SUNDERLAND.**

Ann Arbor, Mich.

[Several other answers have been received since Mr. Sunderland's, but as UNITY has not space for more than one we have published only that first received. For the other responses we tender our thanks.—ED.]

Notes from the Field

Iowa Conference.—The next session of the Iowa Unitarian Association will be held at Davenport, Oct. 10-12. We hope for many visitors from Illinois and neighboring States.

LEON A. HARVEY, Sec.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—On Sunday, Sept. 3, Rev. H. Digby Johnston was installed as minister of Unity Church. The services were held in the beautiful hall of the Ladies' Literary Club building, which has been secured for Sunday use during the coming year. The hall is centrally situated, on the first floor, and altogether a cheerful and attractive auditorium. The day was fair and the congregations, both morning and evening, unusually large. The music was in charge of a quartette choir and was well rendered in the special selections, while the hymns were congregational. In the morning service Dr. Jesselson, of the Jewish Temple, read the Scripture; Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, led in prayer; and Mr. Hosmer, late Secretary of the Western Conference, gave the right-hand of fellowship. Mr. Hosmer also preached the sermon, taking for his

subject, "Hearsay and Vision." Mr. Sunderland gave the charge to the people. Preceding all these parts, save the prayer, was the reading of the call and letter of acceptance by the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, E. G. D. Holden, Esq. No part was more impressive or beautiful in its directness and simplicity than the "address of welcome" by Mrs. I. M. Turner, President of the Board of Trustees. The evening service continued the service of the morning. Mr. Hugenholtz, of the Holland Unitarian Society, read the Scripture lesson. Mr. Hosmer offered prayer, Mr. Sunderland gave the charge to the new minister, and the latter closed the service with an address to the congregation. Mr. Johnson comes from the Episcopal Church, wherein he has had pastorates both in England and in this country. He brings enthusiasm and experience to his new work, and the society enters upon its new year with a quickened courage and faith. Rev. H. T. Root, of Grand Haven, who was upon the program of the morning service, was detained at home by illness.

Cleveland, O.—Unity Church was reopened for services on the first Sunday of September, the newly called ministers, Revs. Marion Murdoch and Florence Buck, occupying the pulpit for the first time. They were greeted by large congregations both morning and evening. Miss Murdoch preached in the morning upon "The Ideal," and Miss Buck in the evening upon "Church Unity," both taking a share in each service. In spirit and general thought their words sounded a fit inaugural note and met a hearty response from the well-filled pews. The church building has undergone a thorough cleaning and repair within, the main auditorium, chapel and parlors having been new-carpeted, and the walls and ceiling of the main room having been re-frescoed. The Unity Club, which is one of the strongest, both in the character of its work and in the cohesiveness it has shown since its organization in 1880, had its year's program in print some months ago. The first meeting will be held late in September.

London, Eng.—One enlargement of the social settlement idea has been emphasized in the name taken for the new establishment at Islington, which is called, not a college, but a *Ladies' Settlement*. Miss Magee, daughter of the late Archbishop of York, is to be the Superintendent, and, under a council, to be responsible for the management of the home and comfort of the workers. It is stated that the purpose is "to give training and opportunities for systematic work to ladies who desire to give themselves to the work of Christ among the poor." *The Outlook* states further that the Settlement will provide a home for those who are willing to work among the people under the direction of the parochial clergy.

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Church-Door Pulpit

A RELIGION OF SUNSHINE: AND
SOME OF THE WAYS A LIBERAL
CONTRIBUTES THERETO.

BY REV. ARTHUR M. JUDY, OF DAVENPORT, IA.

HEAVEN.

"My religion is sunshine," says Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in one of his oft-repeated lectures. Good. But how get into every nook and corner of our souls the cheeriness which sunshine implies?

Religion is our response to the Universe; it is the state of heart and mind which the totality of things makes upon us, and if that is to be sunshiny, we must be able to look upon all that is now and is to be as altogether right and lovely.

Then there must be no hell. With a spot existing where torment goes on forever, where souls writhe in agony, and despair broods on every countenance, and blasphemy and torture and hatred and defiance and gloom make the sum total of sentiency, the universe would be incapable of filling the soul with sunshine. Hell is a kill-joy. No sane man can fix his thoughts upon it and be cheerful. No merciful man can think of heaven with delight until he puts hell out of mind. And by no twisting and dodging can the universe be depicted as wholly right and lovely until hell's fabled fires are disbelieved. By all means let our religion be sunshine. As we look into the illimitable future let no spot appear which is to be forever terrible. The present, measured against the future, is but a speck. What that future offers is and always has been a chief factor in man's religion. Unless in that future men can form the realization of their noblest desires they cannot look upon it with unalloyed brightness. The religion which proclaims eternal progress, not the religion which predicts eternal torment, meets this requirement. He who believes that every mortal soul is to be saved; he who holds that the path of man is to trend forever upward, no matter how many temporary descensions it may undergo, can logically and justly have a religion of sunshine. Strict Calvinists cannot. A future which may carry child or friend or parent to eternal torment, may involve nations and eras of men in hopeless misery, can shed sunshine upon no soul which has not first lost or stunted the quality of mercy.

Until Calvinism began to lose its strictness the religion of America was prevailingly gloomy. And vain is it to call upon men to cast out this gloom, unless first they be taught to cast out the cause of the gloom. So the Liberal churches have been and are teaching them, and every church-goer in America carries a brighter face to-day in consequence of that

teaching, and will carry a still brighter one when the teaching has done its perfect work.

BIBLE.

But religion must have regard not only to the future of mankind but also to the present. Here is the world full of men and women. Only a few of its many billions have enjoyed or are likely to enjoy the benefits of the Christian Bible. If that Bible be the source of all true religion, can we be cheerful in thinking that the vast majority of men are and have been totally deprived of the truth? Surely not. Surely no compassionate man could be happy in believing that what is to him perhaps the highest source of happiness, his religion, has been utterly denied to untold millions of men. No, the happy man is he who feels that in every age "truth and right have been revealed;" that as men mount the steps of being the sun of truth and righteousness sheds its glad rays impartially upon all. I love my One Hundred and Third Psalm,—"Whither, O God, shall I flee from thy presence!" I love my Romans, Twelve,—"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds;" I love my beatitudes,—"Blessed are the pure in heart;" I love my Apocalypse with its vision of the "land of pure delight;" and I rejoice with exceeding joy to think of the millions of Christian lives upon whom these noble sculptures have poured celestial rays. But sadly would that joy be checked could I not believe that wheresoever there have been hearts ready to receive the light of these same high truths, there the light has shone,—on the templed hills of Greece, over the flowery homes of Japan, in the sacred groves of India, in the dateless sepulchers of Egypt, amid the rose gardens of Persia, within the massive walls of Babylon, upon the lone cottage of the Teuton, and over the prairies of primeval America,—yea, even here, where the red Indian "touched God's right hand in the darkness and was lifted up and strengthened." Friends, the happy student of religion is not he who pores over the pages of the Bible, seeking therein the one only light which lighteth the world, but he who catches that light streaming from a thousand books, and knows that every discovery which yields up to us a new literature is lifting a blind which has heretofore hidden from our sight pages which have for long ages shed sunshine upon devout and earnest hearts. Ah, 'tis the Liberal, 'tis the man who believes in universal, not special revelation, who can have sunshine in heart as he thinks of the countless races of men.

DUTY.

But there are yet other ways in which we are bound to think of these races of men. Not only must we ask has the light of celestial truths been shed upon them from the words of illumined leaders, but also must

we ask,—Have they, the people, lived up to these truths? Have they done, do they now do justice, man to man? I said, a moment ago, that the shadow of hell necessarily casts a gloom over the heart of the strict Calvinist. I believe it. But I also believe that the strictly righteous lives which the best of the Calvinists sought, and yet seek to live, goes far to counteract that gloom. Our strictly pious ancestors were wont to "have joy at eventide because they had spent the day well." Christian love was in their hearts for wife and bairn. Christian mercy was there for the sorrowful and needy, Christian purity was there amid the social hour, Christian justice was there, filling the measure full to running over. Vain is it for either Liberal or Orthodox to imagine he can attain a religion of sunshine if he live not, as they sought to live, a righteous life. Think of the men and women about us one must,—think of the way we have hated them, think of what has come to them because of us,—and unless in the hour of recollection they rise up happier for what we have said and done, then, cheerful we cannot be.

Therefore a church which is to increase the sunshine of religion must be a church which makes mightily for righteousness. The Japanese are said to be a sunshiny people, and they have a religion which does make for righteousness. Buddhism supplemented by Confucianism, which constitutes the practical part of their religion, would, if lived up to, go a great way toward making any man happy in so far as his happiness springs from relation to his fellow men. And Christianity, as epitomized in the Sermon on the Mount, or the twelfth chapter of Romans, would do for the American people more than Buddhism and Confucianism have done for the Japanese, if only our daily walk and conversation were molded into harmony with its glorious ideals. If our love were without dissimulation; if we were given to hospitality; if we overcame evil with good; if we rejoiced with those who rejoice, wept with those who weep; if we lived peaceably with all men, thought no more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; if we were fervent in spirit, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer; if we were affectionate to one another, in honor preferred one another, and were not wise in our own conceit; if we avenged not ourselves, blessed them that persecuted us, blessed and cursed not; and if we overcame evil with good, feeding the enemy who hungered, giving drink to him who thirsted,—then indeed, by this glorious renewing of our minds, would we learn what is the good and perfect and acceptable will of God, and sunshine—rich, golden, abounding sunshine—would fill our hearts to overflowing, and every day our lives would be a song of praise, beloved of men, and dear to the heart of the Eternal.

Now, friends, we of the Liberal ranks are accounted a cheery folk, or we wish so to be accounted. If our wish is to be in any large measure realized we must be a people who, in our daily walk and conversation, conspicuously live up to the highest ideas of the Christian parent, child, friend, neighbor, citizen, workman.

In this world there are vast wrongs. Think of these wrongs, men must; see them they must; and only in so far as a man is conscious that he has sought to avoid and undo them will he be cheery.

The condition of happiness, remember, is love; such love as cherishes, protects, forgives and helps the beloved of one's own family; and only in so far as we exercise that love in the whole circle of our human relations can we attain happiness, or add sunshine to the world. Not by theology only, but by sociology also is brightness to be gained for religion.

BEAUTY.

Another great cause of sunshine in religion is beauty. Our Puritan forefathers, in their extreme earnestness for right theology and right conduct, foolishly scorned and anathematized beauty. In their vindication I will say, as Thackeray says in effect, that if there were no other way to knock the nonsense and wickedness out of an established church except by knocking the nose off its cathedral saint, then off the nose should go. Men, no matter in what direction they get headed, need constantly to be restored to sanity by iconoclastic blows; and I am not here so much to blame the actions of our religious forefathers, as to regret the necessities which turned them so far from the pathway of beauty. But whatever the occasion which justified them in depriving themselves of the aesthetic source of sunshine in religion, no such occasion exists for us, and the sooner we lift beauty once more to its co-ordinate place with truth and goodness, the better for the world. The house of God, beautiful in every curve and line, we ought once more to have. And service gladdened by every exalting strain that music can let fall, we ought also to have. Ours, too, ought to be every scripture wherein the things of the soul have been voiced in phrases of undying eloquence. And ours the sermon which not only declares truth and right but also reveals delicacy and proportion and grace,—those elements of form and color whereby space is rendered attractive. The harsh earnestness of the fanatic preacher is powerless to the extent that it is beautyless. It makes no appeal to one of the best seeds of human nature. It ignores the approach to men's hearts which Jesus made use of when he bade men "behold the lilies of the field," or the Psalmists when they imbedded their thoughts in the untarnishable gold of beautiful metaphor. Let us, therefore, if we would give the services of our churches their utmost

power, seek once more to clothe them in beauty.

But the beauty we make use of must be genuine and pertinent, suited to our age and expressive of our highest aesthetics. The old discrimination between sacred and secular beauty is as uncalled for and as injurious as was the old discrimination between sacred and secular scriptures or sacred and secular men. "All is of God," exclaims the poet, and the Liberal, believing this declaration in its full bearing, holds that every beautiful thing which can inspire gentleness or deepen trust is sacred and should become part of that religion which seeks sunshine wherever it may be found. Therefore the altar candle and flower, the prescribed vestment, the regulated genuflexion, the canonical phrases—right enough and helpful enough though they may be for some people—are a pitifully small quota of the beauty whereby sunshine is to be infused into religion, and a pitifully stilted part to bear the distinction, sacred. Not to making much of such beauty is the church of the future especially called, but to opening men's eyes to the beauty of land and sea, to sending them forth to walk at eventide in their gardens that the witchery of the sunset may possess their hearts, to training them to revel in the form of a tree-top outlined against a dark-blue sky, to fashioning their ears to catch the subtle charms when birds of spring "waken melodie," to persuading them that ever present fields of golden grain are more delightsome than the golden streets of New Jerusalem, and the flash of our majestic rivers a more eloquent symbol of the splendor of God than walls of chrysolite and gates of pearl.

Yes, friends, "there's beauty all around us," and I know no more certain way by which religion can be filled with sunshine than by persuading men that through and in this beauty God is evermore speaking to the hearts of his children and revealing the ineffable glory of his being. To lead men to find God in the rose; to make them heedful of its call to faith and holiness, is the peculiar opportunity of the Liberal churches and insures them a marvelous future. Oh, that they be, leader and follower, duly consecrated to this glad labor of cheer and delight.

KNOWLEDGE.

In the field of knowledge also the Liberal church has a great opportunity for adding joyousness to religion. On the whole, taken the world over, the church is friendly to knowledge, but its friendship is too often conditional. It has a way of saying thus far and no farther. It has a still worse way of assuming that its own traditional and sanctified theories are the best obtainable. Because of this unsupportable assumption the churches, the world over, are shutting the sunshine out of religion. In so far as they show

extraordinary zeal in supporting schools, are eager to have children educated, and recognize that morality and religion prosper in proportion as knowledge flourishes, they do indeed let in the sunshine. But that fatal theory of revelation and that still more fatal bondage to creedal statements to which they are committed—these accidents not essence of their religion—lead them to look upon truth too much as if it were something given and done in times past, not as it is, something to be forever advancing and never done. This larger and more joyous view the Liberal churches hold with greatest clearness. To their thinking revelation is going on now more than it has ever gone on. They believe that the same forces—observation, reflection, inference, the natural processes of the mind which produced the sublime pages of the prophets and the tender verses of the evangelists—are at work now producing and yet to produce pages of inspiration and love which, while differing in form, will subserve the same high ends that the great words of the great past have subserved.

Liberals may, indeed, tremble at the new discovery or the new interpretation which strikes at the foundation of some cherished belief; they may be, nay, have been and will be, impatient and unfair in dealing with this peace-disturbing innovation; for that is human; but driven onward by their fundamental conviction that no statement of truth can be final, no honest doubt wicked, no established fact dangerous, they ever have been and ever must be friendly even toward him who digs down to the very roots of their faith and probes to its very heart to see whether or not it be rotten.

And this, friends, must be the attitude of the church or the man who would enjoy a sunshiny religion. Fear is gloom; it is cloud and darkness, and there is to-day no more pathetic sight in the religious world than to see preachers and deacons, together with parents and teachers, advising the faithful not to read the new thought of the new world, admonishing them not to endanger their faith by bringing it to the touchstone of the great discoveries and theories of modern times. This action cannot put sunshine, has not put it, into the religion of the churches so acting. It has taken sunshine out of their religion, set a specter of fear over it, and transformed it into a cloud, darkening the horizon of thought.

But such a course is altogether needless. The new knowledge of the new day does not take away but adds to the food upon which religion feeds. Never was there stronger and more earnest faith than many of the world's foremost scholars enjoy to-day. Tennyson, for one, feared not over modern science and philosophy, searched deeply into it, greatly mas-

tered it, and yet in the full maturity of his years and powers, and after all his long searching, could write:

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye heavens, of your boundless nights, Rush of suns and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?
"Spirit nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, his shadow, nor the silent opener of the gate."

When ten thousand thousand sermons, filed with fear of science, and casting the shadow of their fear into the timid minds of their hearers, shall have gone down to dust, these verses of a poet who gave ready welcome to every enlargement of thought will lend a ray of sunshine to the religion of coming years. They proclaim a faith not to be daunted by roll of systems, clash of fiery meteorites; they declare that after our human state we may trust to find another day beyond the boundless nights of heaven; that, as to the prophets of old their little world appeared but the garment of God, so to this, our later prophet, the myriads worlds he knew were but the shadow of Him who alone is great, of Him whose hidden purpose none should fear. Is there not sunshine in his thought? Is it not certain that only they can re-enforce the sunshine of religion who, casting off all fear, all trammels, all prejudices, master the utmost which science reveals, and still "fear not the hidden purpose," "nor the silent opener of the gate"?

A FORECAST.

It is hazardous to prophesy, friends, yet despite the hazard I cannot keep back the assurance with which my heart is filled. I foresee a bright day for religion, a sunshiny day. I foresee it spread and deepen. I foresee thronged churches, mighty preachers, loyal disciples. I foresee the old reproaches done away, the old stagnation overcome. From the eager tongue to the eager heart, I know that stirring words will leap and joy be made to abound.

When the nations believe that "all is of God," when truth is their authority, and science their revelation, when beauty is felt to be holy, and care for the rights of others esteemed the highest worship, when the religions of every age and nation which have guided the conscience and reason of men are respected, and for all men, in all æons of being, eternal progress is proclaimed, then will that joy abound, then the stirring word be spoken, then with consistency will every man be able to say "My religion is sunshine." But not until then. Be it ours to speed the coming of that day

A Pitiable Sight

It is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

World's Fair Notes

Going the rounds of the State buildings one finds a great deal that lends decided interest to the Fair. Some are very modest and offer little more than their hospitality. But that goes far to insure the general enjoyment. And the amount of information concerning the productive resources and general advantages of the State you chance to pay your respects to, which one may carry away if he will, is so considerable that he feels anew how wondrously bountiful Nature is in supplying these States and Territories with natural wealth, opportunities of enjoyment and comfort that are seemingly inexhaustible. That a people thrice blessed in this way should get panicky and go starving is passing strange. There must be some trick at the bottom of it all which somebody knows well how to play, by which the common intelligence is juggled with and made to believe some strange and horrible doctrine of "finance" or "trade"—a sort of "now you see it, and now you don't"—ending every twenty years, it is said, in "loss of confidence" and ruin.

But what a commentary on all this the States present as in their unique homes at the Fair they greet you and display their illimitable resources and confidence. And how interesting is the history lying back of them in the years, few or many. Some boasting, too, but with a pleasant flavor to it. "Texas, sir, is the paragon of States. Big enough to put within its limits the whole German Empire and the State of Vermont thrown in. For climate, this world nowhere else can rival it. You have a foretaste of what you may find in some future heavenly sphere, if you chance to wander in that direction."

A very cordial welcome in Louisiana's home, with invitations to come that way and "make us a visit, if nothing more."

The latch-string of old Kentucky is always out.

Ohio, with her "jewels"—and certainly they are men of exceptional note, though it is to be observed that they are all statesmen or soldiers; her philosophers, scientists, poets, men of letters not appearing. It will mark the period of a higher evolution when her "jewels" are made up, in good part, at least, of men and women charged with other functions than those which save a State from the armed foe or govern it. The fine fibers of a people's life are woven into a truer glory by other hands.

Pennsylvania, with her "Liberty bell," ever guarded by a stalwart, cherry-blossom, polite policeman at the entrance, has a building and accommodations that do the successors of Penn and Franklin, whose statues are conspicuous over the door, great credit. And within is ample room for rest and luncheon, and a reading-room with all the leading dailies of the country at your

convenience. The Pennsylvanians are a proud race and evidently enjoy the impression they make with their building at the Fair.

To Wisconsin and Indiana belongs the honor of having led in the hospitality of providing space for the hungry to empty their lunch boxes with comfort and cheer. Gov. Peck may not be much of a character, politically speaking (or he may; I don't know), but when he walked into the building and tore down the placards, "No lunches here," he showed that he comprehended the true significance of these stable institutions. They are not (primarily) shows, but abodes of welcome and comfort. By this act of vandalism on his part the Wisconsin building, closely followed by Indiana, obtained at once exceptional popularity. A good idea travels as fast as anything else does, and soon the fashion of having a good time in State buildings became universal.

To go upstairs and peek into the "exact reproduction" of an old-time Connecticut bed-chamber, with its "quilt a hundred years old," in the Connecticut building, was to me very like going back to boyhood days—so precisely like the old originals were curtain, bureau, washstand, bowl and pitcher, feather bed and all. But a feather bed now! One would as lief settle down into a bed of hot ashes. However, what that feather bed did not mean in other days, when the winters lasted six months and Jack Frost was greedy and eager for youthful toes, no one can briefly tell.

California, who celebrates to-day, is perhaps the most ambitious in her displays. Two or three county fairs are packed in her inclosure. With her "Civilization has gone steadily on since '49," I was told; "till now she is up with the most advanced, and is to lead in the near future." The "near future" was Kearney's pet phrase when he led his onslaught against the Chinese. "They must go," he cried. And the whole country has at last (by its laws) adopted his motto. What greater proof could the Golden State now offer of its lead in civilization than by turning square in its tracks and escaping as soon as possible from this false trail after these "heathen Chinee"? If the State is so big and so rich in all resources, can't it do a little missionary work of the true American sort, and learn to let live as well as live itself?

The thought in mind when I began these notes was simply the common one every mind entertains—how vast, how great, how rich these United States be! If only they knew how wisely and honorably to distribute things—what added glory would be theirs.

S. H. M.

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The Home**Helps to High Living.**

SUN.—Man is a moralist pre-eminently. His nature touches its highest note in this.

MON.—Conduct is not all of life, although it is all-important.

TUES.—Nature presents always a harmony which gives the rule to taste.

WED.—Boys are nature's detectives of unreality.

THURS.—Fortunate he who is permitted to see the fruit of his labors.

FRI.—Independence through the worth of his work dignifies a man.

SAT.—The aristocracy of merit is a nobility which needs no patent.

—Geo. L. Chaney.

LITTLE AT A TIME.

Little by little the raindrops fall
Over the thirsting fields;
Little by little the corn grows tall—
Great is the crop it yields.

Little by little the waters flow,
Turning the mighty mill;
Little by little the moments go,—
Never a one stands still.

Little by little our duties throng,
Each in its given place;
Little by little we press along,
Until we have won the race.

Little by little we sum the whole
Of knowledge, wealth, or fame;
Little by little we near the goal
On which we have set our aim.

—Exchange.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I don't care! you can go home as soon as you like—so there."

Slam went the door.

I confess I was surprised and grieved to hear the angry voice of the Princess. "Poor child!" I thought, "how unhappy she must be!" If she had not been a princess, you know, it would not have been so hard. Princesses suffer dreadfully when they are angry.

While I was thinking I wrote a little note and pinned it on my study door. Here it is:

"Lost—An article of great value to the owner, at about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of January 25, 1892. The finder will receive a liberal reward on returning the same to

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Pretty soon she came in with a bright pink spot on each cheek. She was going to tell me all about it, when the notice caught her eye. She read it through, then glanced at the clock and looked puzzled.

"I know you want me to advertise it, dear," I observed, as if it was all quite a matter of course.

"What do you mean, please?"

"Why, of course, you are hunting for it now."

"Hunting for what?"

"Princess," said I, glad to notice that her eyes were brighter, and her cheeks of quieter color than they were when she came in, "oblige me by looking up a word in the dictionary: 'T-E—have you found it so far? —M-P-E-R. What is the definition, please?"

"Calmness or soundness of mind," read the Princess, slowly.

"Now, if you please; read this verse: Prov. xvi. 32."

That she read to herself.

"Once more, dear: Ps. xiv. 13, the first half of the verse. You see, your highness, it is a pretty serious thing for The King's Daughter to lose her temper, so I thought you'd like to have me help you find it."

The brown curls drooped upon my coat sleeve for a moment, and I am not sure that her eyelashes were not wet when they were lifted again.

The Princess bestowed a dainty little kiss upon me, and, pausing only to say, with a dimpling smile through her tears, "That's your liberal reward, sir!" hurried from the room. A moment afterward I heard the outer door close once more, softly this time.

Fully ten minutes later it opened again, but it let in the sound of light footsteps and happy young voices chatting and laughing gayly.

I took down my notice and threw it into the fire. —*The Silver Cross.*

A SENTENCE FOR MOTHERS TO READ.

When I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning dresses trail the ground, and indoors all afternoon because there comes up a shower, and the walking dress would soak and drabble; or when I see the "working woman" standing at the counter or at the teacher's desk from day to day, in the drenched boots and damp stockings, which her muddy skirts, flapping from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clark for treatment as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that in spite of stout rubbers, waterproof gaiters, and dress skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door" girl is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm and its bowl of bread and milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every step (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk, and mother do not go down in universal chaos, it is only from the efforts of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when physicians tell me what

jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress imposes upon a woman's intricate organism, how much less injurious to her a direct fall would be than the start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; when they further assure me of the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and the center of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying (when they sit down) inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has inundated with tobacco juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the germs of stealthy pestilences; when I see a ruddy, romping school girl in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry fields, or standing aloof from the game of ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry tree, or begging him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with nearly all the women and children on board, and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but they could not climb, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland wharf when the survivors of the Atlantic filed past him, "Not a woman among them all! My God,"—when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with blunders in dress, and have entered the category of crimes.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in *Arena*.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON II.

THE HOME ENVIRONMENT OF JESUS.

Is not this the carpenter's son?

Matt. xiii. 55.

I must be about my father's business.

Lk. ii. 49.

*"In light things
Frome thou the arms thou long'st to
glorify,
Nor fear to work up from the lowest
ranks
Whence came great Nature's captains."*

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Picture—"In Nazareth," by Heinrich Hoffmann (1824).

Who were the parents of Jesus?—
Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth,
and Mary, his wife.

In the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke we have traditions which relate a miraculous birth of Jesus. That Mary was his mother all accounts agree, but the legends referred to declare that he had no human father, but was begotten by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. These accounts must be rejected, however, for reasons which may be briefly stated.

(a) Inherent improbability. A miracle has been defined as something which no one would believe if it were not in the Bible. When similar stories are told of other great heroes and religious leaders,—of the Buddha, for instance,—we never think of believing them, simply because they are so improbable. Why, then, should we believe such a story when told of our religious leader? Is there evidence enough in favor of the account to overcome its inherent improbability?

(b) There is no clear intimation of the miraculous birth anywhere else in the New Testament. Jesus is called the son of Joseph, and Mary says, "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

(c) The genealogies given in Matthew and Luke contradict the accounts of the virginal birth, for they prove the Davidic lineage of Jesus by tracing descent through Joseph. But if Joseph was not the father of Jesus how could his descent from David prove that Jesus was son of David?

(d) It is possible to see how the story arose in the case of Jesus.

(1) There was a growing tendency among those who believed him the Messiah to lift him out of the ranks of humanity, to ascribe to him pre-existence and supernatural origin. Hence, there was a natural disposition to think that his coming into the earthly life must have differed from that of other men. The same laws of legend-making governed the traditions about Jesus that were operative in the case of Buddha.

(2) This tendency was aided also by the misinterpretation of a passage in Isaiah (vii. 14, quoted in Matt. i. 23) concerning which Prof. Toy says: "The rendering 'virgin' is inadmissible." The Septuagint mistranslated the He-

brew word.] One passage occurs in the section Isa. vii. 1; ix. 7, which belongs to the period of the Syro-Israelitish invasion (about B. C. 734). During the war, when the royal house of David was trembling with apprehension, Isaiah goes to King Ahaz, announces that the hostile combination [between Pekah of Israel and Rezin of Syria] will fail, and exhorts the King to ask a sign from Yahwe. This Ahaz refuses to do, and the prophet then declares that Yahwe will nevertheless give him a sign: "The young woman shall bear a son: and before the child shall reach years of discretion the land of the hostile kings shall be deserted." Clearly that could be no sign to Ahaz in 734 which did not come to pass till B. C. 4. This passage in Isaiah doubtless commanded the story of the virginal birth to Jewish Christians (although there were some of them who never accepted it), but the Jewish ideals of God and of womanhood seem to make it impossible that such a belief should have sprung up out of Jewish soil. We must seek its origin elsewhere.

(3) The idea probably grew up among the Gentile Christians. Jesus called himself Son of God in exactly the same sense that he taught his disciples to pray "Our Father." The Greeks, too, had their heroes who were sons of God, children, that is, of a god and a mortal, demi-gods. Thus it was easy when they heard of the exalted, mysteriously supernatural Christ, who was called Son of God, to think of him as like one of their own heroes. In some such way as this, probably, the story of the virginal birth arose.

It is clear, therefore, that we have no reason for accepting this story of the miraculous birth of Jesus. The whole account must be rejected. There is no reason to doubt that Jesus was the first, and lawful, son of Joseph and Mary.

What do we know about his home life? His folks and mother were poor working people. He had four brothers whose names are given as James, Joseph, Judas and Simon, and at least two sisters.

The picture shows us the sort of house in which Jesus may have lived. Limestone was abundant, and the houses when built of stone were white or grayish, as portrayed in the picture. We see no windows, only the opening of the door. Doves were often found about Jewish houses. The hen with her chickens, together with the shape of the cross into which the square and rule that Jesus is carrying have accidentally fallen, suggests his lament over Jerusalem (Mt. xxiii. 37). Joseph and Mary are both at work. Joseph was a carpenter, and if the accounts in the Apocrypha have any basis of fact, he was not a skillful workman. In the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy (ch. xxxviii.) it is written:

Now Joseph went about through all the city and took with him the Lord Jesus, since men sent for him on account of his craft, to make for them doors and milk-pails and couches and boxes. And the Lord Jesus was with him wherever he went. Therefore so often as Joseph had to make any of his work a cubit or a span larger or shorter, wider or narrower, the Lord Jesus used to stretch out his hand toward it, and when this was done it became such as Joseph wished, and there was no need for him to do anything with his own hand, for Joseph was not very skillful as a carpenter.

In the apocryphal gospel, Mary is represented as very skillful in wool-work, and this tradition Hofmann has

followed in the picture (cf., e. g., gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, chap. vi.). All the family are at work.

With the exception of James, who became prominent in the church at Jerusalem, although sharing none of his brother's genius, we know nothing of the other children besides Jesus. The sisters have been given various names by different writers. Among the names found are Anna, Esther, Lydia, Mary, Salome, Thamar.

In what sort of town did Jesus live?

—Nazareth was a town of bad reputation and character, but the neighborhood was rich in historical and poetic associations.

If we could look over the wall seen in the background of the picture, near which trees, shrubbery, and a single flower are growing, we should have a view of the village of Nazareth. The town was on the side of a hill (cf. Luke iv. 29), not far from the caravan road, between Egypt and Syria. Although it had a bad reputation (John i. 46), which the treatment accorded Jesus by his townsmen seems to justify (Luke iv. 28), it was in a region which, next to the country about Jerusalem, was the richest part of Palestine in history and poetry. Near by was the plain of Jezreel, where the battle bow of Israel was often bent and sometimes broken. Through the plain flowed the ancient river, the river Kishon which swept away the hosts of Sisera (Judges v.); not far off was Carmel, where Elijah had put to shame the priests of Baal. The boy Jesus walked over historic ground. But his immediate surroundings were commonplace; he made no disciples in Nazareth, and even the members of his own family did not believe in him. So he was thrown back upon himself and upon God.

In teaching this lesson constant reference should be made to Gannett's admirable "Childhood of Jesus." It is well to lay stress upon the fact that there came out of Palestine despised by the Romans, out of Galilee despised by Judaeans, out of Nazareth despised by Galileans, a young man who, with everything against him, and in spite of the tyranny of environment has become the great religious leader of the world. Besides the environment of Nazareth he was sensitive to the environment of God.

To Restore

hair which
has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair
from falling out
or turning gray.
The best

Dressing

The Study Table

NEW BOOKS.

SEEING AND BEING, and Other Sermons. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 122. \$1.—These sixteen sermons, through the generosity of the congregation to whom they were first preached, have already had wide circulation in pamphlet form through the Post-office Mission; and they are now deservedly gathered and bound in a double sheaf, forming the "seventeenth and eighteenth series" of Mr. Chadwick's published discourses. They begin with "Great Hopes for Great Souls" and end with the sermon whose title fitly names the volume. The variety of the subjects is indicated by the following: The Constructive Achievements of the Higher Criticism. Orthodoxy, What Is It? The Fullness of Time. The Unbridled Tongue. Immortality. A Mere Man. There is a discourse commemorative of the late Samuel Longfellow, the first minister of the church over which Mr. Chadwick has now been settled for more than a quarter century,—a very interesting and just tribute to that member of an elect group of souls who fired the hearts and winged the thought of the younger ministers of their time. The sermons all show the qualities which have marked the author's previous volumes,—a free and reverent spirit, wide range of reading, vigorous thought, apt quotations and ready reference in illustration, and a style free and fluent with no sacrifice of force and dignity. One does not ordinarily take a volume of sermons on a summer holiday; but these discourses chimed with the music of cleft waters as we sailed on a July Sunday down Lake Michigan, and were as tonic and wholesome spiritually as the pine woods and air of North Michigan were physically. We observed, moreover, that when we left the book in our deck chair for a promenade, it seemed never to lack a reader.

F. L. H.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE. By Helen H. Gardener. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 12 mo., pp., 270. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.—Though containing several essays of only ordinary worth, this book must nevertheless be pronounced one of real importance and of exceedingly great interest, on account of the papers on "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity" and "Heredity in Its Relation to a Double Standard of Morals," both read before the Woman's Congress last May. Even those who were not fortunate enough to hear the eloquent author read them must feel the intensity of the tragic note with which Mrs. Gardener describes the awful consequences of "sex mania" and its hereditary transmission. Whether approving or not of Mrs. Gardener's novels as vehicles for her message to society, we cannot deny that it is a needed

message, and no objection can be made to its treatment in this form. Indeed I wish that these two essays might be read by every married man and woman. Perhaps if the fathers and mothers should read them, there would be no need of putting them into the hands of young men and women—except those in danger either of falling into dissolute habits or of marrying unworthy persons. Indeed, there would, we hope, be less of that most painful sacrifice of purity to impurity in society, by which young men who have sown their wild oats are allowed to marry pure young women.

But no review can give an adequate idea of the originality, courage and power which are shown in the two essays named above. There is a vital horror in the theme, yet it is better to think on these themes before sad experience brings them to our knowledge—often too late.

F. G. B.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth.—We have here a dozen sketches of life in the backwoods of Michigan and on the prairies of Nebraska. The author of "John Auburton, Novelist," and "Old Abraham Jackson" has evidently turned to his portfolio for these: they seem to us much like remnants. There are touches of humor here and there, and a few attempts at pathos. The dialect may be characteristic of parts of the West, but it suggests simply the every-day town talk as one hears it, mingled with slang, from Maine to California. And the point of the sketch does not as a rule redeem the weakness of the dialect. "The 'Swamp Angel's' Yarn" and "How the Horse-Thief Escaped" are the best things in the book.

H. B. L.

NUMBER II. of the "The Book of the Fair," published by the Bancroft Co., Chicago and San Francisco, is before us. A beautiful folio of forty pages, profusely illustrated, with most admirably executed pictures taken from the most characteristic scenes, architectural and otherwise, that delight the eyes of the visitor. This number contains in part or in whole the chapters on the site, the plan, and the artificers of the World's Fair, and on the personnel of the management. We have already spoken of number one and continue to commend the venture to all those who desire to preserve as much as possible of this great vision of beauty which is soon to pass away and "leave not a wrack behind." The office of publication is in the Auditorium Building, Chicago.

THE MAGAZINES.

IN THE NON-SECTARIAN for September, Rev. W. D. Simonds' opening article on the "Origin of Religious Liberty in America," although short, is meaty, showing, by a review of the situation and quotations from the words of the great men of

that day, the intimate relation between civil and religious liberty. Dr. Hiram W. Thomas' article on "The Independent Churches" approaches the same subject from a different direction, pointing out that our political freedom naturally leads to the free church, and advocating the union of the several broad-fellowship religious papers into one strong periodical which could adequately represent the free church movement,—a suggestion which has been warmly received by the *Non-Sectarian, Universalist Monthly, UNITY, and other liberal publications*. Mr. W. L. Sheldon has a comparison between Socrates, Thomas a Kempis and Saint Francis of Assisi. His conclusion in favor of Saint Francis, as compared with Socrates, is the more noteworthy as coming not from a Christian but from an ethical culturist. The selected paper is Rev. J. H. Ecob's sermon on "The Preaching for To-day," from the *Christian Union*. "The Bible is here," says he, "to point us to the living God in Christ. When the guide-board has pointed out your road its work is done. You are not expected to take it on your shoulder and carry it home and set it up in a shrine." The leading editorial is a manly explanation of the editor's use of the word Christian, in reply to a criticism in the *Jewish Voice*.

THERE comes to our table a quarterly magazine for beginners entitled *The Start*, "a young people's magazine of art, science and literature." It is conducted by Sidney Henry Morse, is published quarterly, in October, January, April and July, is illustrated, and costs 50 cents a year. *The Start* is for those who desire to improve their spare moments in gaining a knowledge of and practice in modeling, drawing, painting, carving, designing, and composition. Other general features of the magazine are indicated by the contents for October: 1. Dudley Lambert, the Sculptor Boy; 2. The Art of the White City; 3. Sculpture and Architecture; 4. East and West; 5. Chips of My Studio; 6. Contributors' Basket—What Electricity Will Do, R. L. J.; Homing Pigeons, W. T. Innes; Iron Moulding and Finishing, G. W. What Shall a Boy who Has Nothing to Do, Do? W. B. G.; A Girl's Idea, G. H.; The First Engine that Went Out of Chicago, H. F.; 7. Sara Tooms, 74, and Lost at the Fair; 8. Drawing and Modeling, first lessons, explained, illustrated; 9. One Thing or Another; 10. Books, New and Old; 11. Retouched Sketches. Professor William P. Wilson, of the University of Pennsylvania, will contribute a series of articles on "Habits of Plants." It has been said of him that "he makes one think plants are almost human." The story of Dudley Lambert gives the experience of a boy who has engineered his own way to success, and is now (represented by several boys and girls) "doing the Fair." He will make his report in the January number. The Contributors' Basket is re-

spectfully dedicated to young subscribers, and is to the extent of its capacity for their special use. Retouched Sketches will show first attempts in drawing faces sent for the editor's opinion, which he will give by additional touches. This department will be amusing and instructive. Every boy and girl in America is invited to read this young people's magazine, and take some part in conducting it.

IN THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for September the most valuable feature is the discussion of the silver question in its relation to the monetary situation. Besides the thoughtful editorial, there are papers on the subject by Professors Bemis, Von Holtz and Laughlin, of Chicago University.

THE OUTLOOK has been doing admirable service of late by its temperate and instructive discussion of the money question. It is encouraging to see that Eastern writers are being aroused to the justice of many of the contentions of the silver men. By doing full justice to their good points they will the better be able to combat the errors of the silverites.

THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW, of which we have only seen the second (August) number, is a new venture in the periodical field, which has hardly yet made clear its style and purpose. Hazlitt Alva Cuppy is the editor. The magazine has a good name, and if it lives up to it, cannot but win the approbation of the reading public.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to **UNITY** for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of **UNITY** will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

NOT ANGELS QUITE. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 327.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS. By Charles Sumner. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 132. 75 cents.

THE NEW HUMANITY: Or Essay on the Problem of Life. By a Deist. St. Paul, Minn.

THE BIBLE AND ITS NEW USES. By Joseph Crooker. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 286. \$1.

INFORMATION FOR NURSES IN HOME AND HOSPITAL. By Martin W. Curran. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 333.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS:
Mr. Morse kept his audience intensely interested.—Chicago Herald.
The whole evening was a delightful one.—Sioux City Gazette.

Breezy blackboard illustrations, swift pictures in clay, impressed, amused and fascinated his audience.—Menomonie News.

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UNIVERSALIST CONGRESS.

Program, September 15 and 16, 1893.

I.—UNIVERSALISM DEFINED.—Under this general head appear the following topics and speakers: "A System of Truths, not a Single Dogma; God's Universal Paternity; Man's Universal Fraternity." Rev. Dr. Stephen Crane, Earleville, Ill. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Punishment Disciplinary; the Atonement; Life a School." President Elmer H. Capen, D. D., Tufts College, Mass. (Time: 30 minutes.) "The Divine Will Omnipotent; the Human Will Forever Free; Man Necessarily Redeemable." Rev. Dr. C. Ellwood Nash, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Universal Holiness and Happiness the Final Result of God's Government." Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Time: 30 minutes.)

II.—PHILOSOPHY OF UNIVERSALISM.—"Divine Love, Justice, Power, Wisdom; Harmony of these Attributes Reconciling the Apparent Conflict of Justice and Mercy; All God's Attributes Phases of Divine Love, Working Together to Produce Universal Holiness." Rev. Edgar Leavitt, Santa Cruz, Cal. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Intrinsic Worth of Man; De-structibility of Sin; Self-perpetuating Power of Goodness." Rev. Dr. Everett Levi Rexford, Boston, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.)

III.—UNIVERSALISM THE DOCTRINE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Rev. Dr. Alonzo Ames Miner, LL. D., Boston, Mass. (Time: 50 minutes.)

IV.—UNIVERSALISM THE DOCTRINE OF NATURE.—"Man: Intellect, Aspirations, Affections." Rev. Dr. J. Smith Dodge, Stamford, Conn. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Science Indicates the Unity of Forces; hence, the Unity of Final Cause; Manifested in the Progress of Knowledge: Industrial, Commercial and International Relationship also Indicate the Brotherhood of Man." Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, Philadelphia, Pa. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Universal Salvation Implied in the Modern Science of Psychology, showing the Salvability of the Worst Men." Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Bolles, New York City. (Time: 50 minutes.)

V.—UNIVERSALISM HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.—"Universalism the Doctrine of the Christian Church during the First Five Centuries." Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hanson, Chicago. (Time: 50 minutes.) "Causes of Obscurantism during the Middle Ages; Lack of Organization; Political Reasons: Heathen Acretions." Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, College Hill, Mass. (Time: 50 minutes.) "Renaissance of Universalism; its Leavening Influence upon other Sects, and its Modification of Religious Thought." Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Canfield, Chicago. (Time: 50 minutes.)

VI.—UNIVERSALISM, ITS ORGANIZED LIFE.—"Denominational Organization and Polity, including the Position of Woman in the Universalist Church; Sunday School Work and Interests." Hon. Hosea W. Parker, Claremont, N. H. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Education and Literature." Rev. N. White, Ph. D., Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Missionary Work: Foreign." Rev. Dr. George L. Perin, Tokyo, Japan. "Auxiliary Organizations: Woman's Centenary Association." Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby, Augusta, Me. (Time: 15 minutes.) "Young People's Christian Union." Lee E. Joslyn, Bay City, Mich. (Time: 15 minutes.) "Woman's State Missionary Organizations." Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, Chicago. (Time: 15 minutes.)

VII.—UNIVERSALISM AND MODERN RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS.—"Bible: Inspiration and Revelation." Rev. Dr. George H. Emerson, Boston, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Higher Criticism." Rev. Massena Goodrich, Pawtucket, R. I. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Christ: Nature of Salvation." Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, New York City. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Problem of Natural Evil and Problem of Sin." Rev. Dr. Charles Fluhrer, Grand Rapids, Mich. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Attitude toward Science." President Isaac M. Atwood, D. D., Canton, N. Y. (Time: 30 minutes.)

VIII.—UNIVERSALISM AND MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—"Peace, War and National Honor." Rev. Dr. Henry Blanchard, Portland, Me. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Crime; Capital Punishment; Temperance." Rev. Olympia Brown, Willis, Racine, Wis. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Christian Ethics, and Business and Political Successes." Rev. A. N. Alcott, Elgin, Ill. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Opportunity and Duty of Universalism." Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, Lynn, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.)

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

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(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS
At Art Institute Building, Hall of Washington. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
Its Place in the Development of Christianity.
*Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England
The Church of the Spirit—Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I.
2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
In the Growth of Democracy
Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in Hall XXII.

Monday, Sept. 18.

3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.
8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.

Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo
(b) In Poland..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England
(c) In Hungary..... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania
(d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris
(e) In Germany..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England
(f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan
(g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl von Bergen, Stockholm
(h) In England..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England
(i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Grand Rapids, Mich.
(j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period
Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor
Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period..... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis Evening.

Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India
A Representative Jew.....
A Representative Mohammedan.....
Wednesday, Sept. 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrook, West Newton, Mass.
(b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
(c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont. Evening.

(d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
(e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse
(f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

(a) Scientific... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England
(b) Biblical Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.
(c) Social Problems..... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England
(d) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio
(e) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Caroline J. Bartlett, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds
National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon
British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Manchester, England—
Rev. S. A. Steinthal
Transylvania..... Rev. John Fretwell
Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer
Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton
Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass.
Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston
W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago
Middle States Conference..... Rev. D. W. Morehouse
Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco
Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.
In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting: The Contributions to the Theological Emancipation of Women, by—
(a) Judaism..... Miss Mary Cohen, Philadelphia
(b) Universalism..... Mrs. Jane Patterson, Boston

*Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.

September 14, 1893.

(c) Unitarianism. Miss Marion Murdock, Cleveland
 (d) Free Religion. Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Boston
 Evening.

Fellowship Meeting. In charge of. WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.

Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Free Religious Association will be held in Hall of Washington in the forenoon and in Hall XXVI. in the afternoon.

Art Palace, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, September 20th, 1893.

W. M. J. POTTER, Pres.
 D. G. CRANDON, Sec'y.

THE MORNING SESSION. beginning at 10 o'clock, will be presided over by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the Vice President and founders of the Association, who will make the introductory address. By request of the Directors, the President, William J. Potter, will then give a written address entitled: "The Free Religious Association,—its Twenty-six Years and their Meaning." Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot will follow, on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion," Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., on "The Free Religious Association as the expounder of the Natural History of Religion," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "Religious Progress." Other speakers have been invited and will be announced later.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION. will begin at 2:30 o'clock, and will be devoted to the subject, "Unity in Religion." Minot J. Savage, of Boston, will open the subject, followed by Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York, Mangasar Mangasarian of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, and others yet to be announced.

THE FESTIVAL, with supper, speeches, music, and social opportunities, will be held in one of the large hotels of Chicago, or at the Union League Club (the place to be definitely announced in the Chicago daily press). Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and welcome the guests, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, M. J. Savage, Francis E. Abbot, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, William J. Potter, Paul R. Frothingham, Mangasar Mangasarian, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. McGlynn, and others are expected to speak. Reception from 6 to 7 o'clock. Supper at 7 o'clock. Tickets for the supper to be procured at the convention, and of Secretary D. G. Crandon.

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

Miss Marion Murdock, Cleveland

Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Boston

Evening.

Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist). Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, of Boston, will preach at 11 a. m. In the evening it is expected that one of the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions will speak.

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